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being devised and planned out by a mere youth is extraordinary enough: the fact of its thoroughly successful accomplishment is still more extraordinary. But now that we have got it it can speak for itself, and, or we are greatly deceived, it will speak to future times. Often as it has been our agreeable duty to praise the orchestra of the Crystal Palace, and Herr Manns, its admirable conductor, we have never been able to do so more unreservedly than now. What would Mendelssohn himself have said to such a performance? At Berlin, in 1832, he could have heard nothing like it—nor, with deference, at Paris either, even when Habeneck was conductor of the orchestra of the Conservatoire, much less now, with M. Georges Hainl from Lyons at its head.

THE RAINY DAY.

BY GEN. D. C. M'CULLUM.

How oft' the sire the son hath told,
Above all else lay by thy gold!
Remember this old adage, Tom,
That charity begins at home.
Be careful, boy, for who can say
When God shall send thy rainy day,
Thy rainy day?

Be prudent, son, in youth be wise,
And let thine elders thee advise.
As years roll on thou'lt surely find
'Tis folly to be over-kind.
In all thine acts let caution sway;
Hold all thou hast for rainy day—
For rainy day.

Let spendthrifts all exult to tell
How sympathy their bosoms swell,—
How happiness their hearts doth thrill
In mitigating human ill,—
'Tis crime, my boy, to give away
What thou may'st need for rainy day—
For rainy day.

Ah! see yon miser grasp his pelf,
With not a thought beyond himself,
Whose demon eyes see nothing good
But glitt'ring gold—his life, his food.
Yea, gold he has, but who dare say
That he'll not see dark, rainy day—
Dark, rainy day.

God's curse must rest upon that heart
Whose interests are from men apart—
A wretch, whose selfish, narrow mind
Is deep disgrace to human kind.
The time must come when no bright ray
Shall beam on his dark, rainy day—
Dark, rainy day.

Oh! place some confidence in man,
Nor dare thy neighbor's heart to scan,
For who can tell where strikes the rod?
Of this let judgment rest with God.
On side of mercy lean away,
Nor dread nor fear thy rainy day—
Thy rainy day.

Poor child of earth, what's life at most?
A few short years in tempest tost.
Ah! turn thine eyes to heavenly shore,
Where deeds of mercy go before.
Though thou may'st err, be kind always,
And God will cheer life's rainy day—
Life's rainy day.

[From the Boston Musical Times.]

FRANZ SCHUBERT AND JOHANN MAYRHOFFER.

In a gloomy room, on the third floor of a house in the Wipplingerstresse, at Vienna, there lived, in 1820, two men, who seemed to be very unfit for each other.

The oldest, a middle-sized man, had a somewhat staring look, his mouth being frequently distorted with a sarcastic smile. He was sitting with a pipe in his mouth and a guitar in his hand, thoughtfully looking downward. His hand touched the instrument from time to time. This was Johann Mayrhofer, the poet.

His companion, who was younger, was remarkable for his fat, round face, his pouting lips, his large eye-brows, his flat nose, and his curled hair, which gave a Moor-like appearance to the whole head. This was Franz Schubert, the king of song.

They had lived but a short time together, but had been for years acquainted.

Though Mayrhofer's poems, generally more heroic than lyric, seemed to be little adapted for musical composition, the all-conquering talent of the youthful composer, who, during his short life, composed upwards of six hundred songs, overcame those inapt forms. Who ever heard of any of the compositions of the youthful maestro—who had no type—who incessantly created new songs—without being touched by them. His music awakens longings in our hearts.

The fate of the house in the Wipplingerstresse—namely, that of being forgotten—would have been shared by Mayrhofer's poems, had not Schubert given to the poet's words so beautiful a garment of music. As it is, they are uninterruptedly brought before the public, and Mayrhofer's name combined with Schubert's melodies, is wafted to posterity.

The young composer leans on the window-sill, and looks down upon the gloomy street. In memory, he wanders back to Lelecz, the country-seat of Count Esterhazy. They played, they sang, and Caroline his only pupil, and first love, was singing his songs and playing his compositions. And now, behold, a carriage passes through the gloomy street. A charming young lady sits in the carriage, which is drawn by fiery Hungarian horses. She unconsciously looked up to the window; Schubert recognized her. His face wore a sudden look of pain; he had been thinking of her, and now she passed his house. The name of Caroline was on his lips. Mayrhofer, who had slowly approached the window, saw his emotion. He commenced laughing, as he was used to do, and looked around for his stick, to use it as a spear against his friend, saying in the Viennese dialect, "Was halt mich dennab du kloaner?" But Schubert did not this time take the friendly joke. Without a word, he went to the piano, and commenced to play his "Divertissement a la hongiers," with those melancholic gipsy-melodies which, in former days he heard at Lelecz. On a sudden he sprang up, and cried, "Therese awaits me!" and went away. While he was hurrying towards Lichtenthal, where Therese Grob—whose clear sweet voice touched the high D—had to sing his songs for him, the poet sat at home, and stared at the floor. More and more he forgot what was going on around him, so that he did not observe when his landlady, Frau Sanssouci, entered the room, and repeated the often-told story, that

Theodore Korner, during his sojourn at Vienna, had lived in that very same room, and that he was a very gay young man. He could not understand how it was that Franz cared so little for his love. He silently took up his pen, and turned his attention to some historical work, which he had undertaken to write. In the evening, when Schubert entered, he had, after his daily work, given audience to his muse, and with a new poem for music, he had advanced towards his friend. It is the one in which his poems is mentioned under the title of "Der Einsame." Schubert listened, nodded, as a sign of his approval, and laid down on the bed, putting his spectacles on his forehead, as he was used to when meditating, and for some time remained silent. Then suddenly he arose, sat down at the piano, saying, "I have found it!" and played the new composition. In this way the poet and composer assisted each other.

Years have passed. Mayrhofer and Schubert do not live together any more. The former has become morose, and is more and more estranged from life, whilst he avoids all gay society—especially after the failure of the edition of his poems, which he had published at the request of his friends—whilst he can only smile at his dear Schubert's songs. Schubert enjoys life. Schubert is comfortably sitting with his friends, the poet Bauernfeld, the painter Schuore, etc., in the "Ungarische Krone."

They are walking, gay and happy, through the dark streets, after having drunk the fiery Hungarian wine. They go in the direction of the Danube. The moon is shining through the clouds which are parted by the wind. They do not know and do not guess in their mirth that there is a man standing on the bridge near them, staring at the roaring waves which seem to call to him, "Come, come! Down here there is repose and peace!" They neither see nor guess that the man jumps into the Danube, and is taken out after a few minutes by a sailor who had watched him. They arrived when the man was standing on the shore, and to their greatest surprise they recognized him as the unfortunate poet Johann Mayrhofer. All joking has ceased. Schubert takes the hand of his unfortunate friend. But the latter withdraws it, and wildly laughing, cries:

"I hadn't thought that the water of the Danube would be so cold," and moves away without greeting or thanks. The friends determined never to speak of the occurrence, and they kept their word, for Mayrhofer's attempt to commit suicide was not disclosed until after his death.

The 19th of November, 1828, drew near. Schubert's compositions had more and more found public applause, but as yet he hardly earned a living. He never understood how to profit by his works. The private concert which he gave in March, previous to his death, and in which only his own compositions were played and his first and last—just as the Countess Caroline Esterhazy was his first and last pupil—perhaps because she had been his only and hopeless love; a love of the greatness of which she had perhaps no idea. What he had written about himself to a friend had become true, namely; "Imagine a man whose health will never recover, and who, in despair thereof, makes it constantly worse instead of better; imagine a man, I say, whose brightest hopes are destroyed, to

COPENHAGEN.—A new opera, *The Maid of the Alders*, by Herr Hartmann, is in active preparation.

whom love and friendship offer nothing, except grief, to whom enthusiasm for the beautiful threatens to decay, and I ask you whether that's not a miserable and unfortunate man?"

His compositions were played, his songs were sung, but as yet there was no warm appreciation for his works. Even Goethe left Schubert's music for his poems unnoticed. Posterity also in this case had to make up for the neglect of contemporaries.

During the last year of his life, Schubert was more active than ever, as if he felt the nearness of his death. His swan's song was G. Seidl's *Taubenpost*. He drooped more and more, until at three o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th of November, 1828, death put a period to his sorrows. He was laid on a barrow, dressed as a hermit, a wreath of laurels wound around his temples. And friends and acquaintances came to the Neuen Wieden, No. 714, to adorn the coffin with wreaths and flowers. Whether she, to whom all was dedicated, also came, is unknown to us. But Johann Mayrhofer came. Therese Grob found him—when she came to cast a last glance at the dead—standing near the coffin and staring at his dead friend. He neither saw or noticed her, but went away in silence as he had come. It seemed to be written on his face—"My Franz! better that I had died for you!"

Schubert was buried in the cemetery of Währing, where also Beethoven is resting; that was his last wish. Johann Mayrhofer wrote a lament for his departed friend. He was also present at the mourning music given in honor of Schubert, but thereafter he became more solitary, more afraid of human beings. He touched his lyre, for a long time silent, for the last time at Goethe's death.

On February 5, 1835, Mayrhofer went, as he did every day, to his office; but sadness would not let him remain at his desk. What had all life been for him? Where had he ever found quiet and consolation; he walked slowly through the dark passages of the building, not noticing his colleagues' greetings. He went from one floor to the other until he reached the top floor of the house. He steadfastly gazed into the sky. The first mild airs of spring were blowing upon him. They were chilly, like death. He leaned further out—a scream—and he was lying dead on the pavement below.

THE PARIS OPERA HOUSE.

The reports of the intended decorations of the new Opera House have been so extraordinary, that most people believed them to be exaggerated; this, however, is not the case, as the following list, supplied by M. Garnier, the architect of the new building, to the *Moniteur des Arts*, will show:—The paintings ordered, and in course of execution, are, for the grand public saloon, ten subjects for the coverings of the ceilings from mythology and history: "Orpheus," "Education of Jupiter," "Bacchantes," "Judgment of Paris," etc., by M. Paul Baudry; "Parnassus," terrestrial and divine, to fill two large coverings; and ten oval medallions over the doors, by the same. A room to the left of the above, to be decorated by M. Delaunay, the ceiling with "The Glorification of Singing," and three tympana, continuing the subject. The corresponding room on the other side, "Harmony," in a ceiling and three tympana, by M. Barrias. The great saloon for the ballet:

four panels, representing the various phases of the dance, and twenty portraits of famous dancers, by Gustave Boulanger. Grand staircase: four subjects, "Art," "Music," "Poetry," and "The Dance," in large compartments, by M. Pils; and twelve works in enamel, by M. Emile Solier, representing as many cities where famous operas have been produced, London included. A grand cupola, by M. Jules Lenepveu, "The Gods and Goddesses on Olympus," representing the symbolic arts; three landscapes by MM. Felix Thomas, Lanoue and Harpignies. The above are all ordered, and the following are proposed to be added to the list:—Four grand panels, and three tympana, with figures on a ground of gold, for an ante-room; a grand allegorical ceiling for the imperial saloon, and five panels for the ante-chamber to the saloon; panels and friezes for the Empress' boudoir; eight tympana in the imperial vestibule. Smoking-room: eight historical figures, with plans, representing the eight places which have been used for operas in Paris; a ceiling and eight medallions for the large ice-room; friezes for the small ice-room; twelve panels, containing figures representing as many kinds of dances, for the *café*; and, lastly, twenty portraits of celebrated singers, by Gerome, de Curzon, Chiffard, Lacinlin, Brisset, Giacomotti, Biennoury, Levy, Auber, Leconte de Roujou, Balleroy, Ph. Rousseau, Monginot, Gendron, Landelle, Hamon, Marchal, Giraud, Saintin, Wetter, Francois and Benouville. The sculpture is in keeping with the painting. On the principal *facade* of the building above are four groups by M. Mailet; below, groups representing the "Dance," "Harmony," "Comedy," and the "Drama," and "Singing" and "Music," by Carpeaux, Jouffroy, Perrand and Guillaume, and in the centre, statues representing the "Idyl," "Elegy," and "Mythology," and "History," by Aizelin, Chapu, Dubois and Falguieres. On the two frontons of the same *facade*, figures of "Architecture" and "Industry," by Jean Petit, and painting and sculpture, by Gravier. On the two lateral *facades*, frontons representing "Comedy" and the "Drama," by Girard; "Art" and "Science," by Maniglier; the "Drama" and "Music," by Otten; and "Singing" and "Poetry," by Cabot. The grand galvano-plastic groups, by Gummery, representing "Poetry" and "Music," supported by figures of "Fame." Over the centre of the proscenium, a galvano-plastic group, "Apollo holding the Lyre," and two allegorical figures, by Aine Millet; and in the angles, "Pegasus restrained by the Muses." On the frontons of the Imperial pavilion, arms of France, with attributes, by Pollet and Travaux. On the imperial staircase, four "Cariatides," by Elias Robert and Mathurin Moreau. On the principal *facade*, gilt bronze busts of Mozart, Meyerbeer, Spontini, Beethoven and Auber, by Chabaud; and of Halévy, Rossini, Quinault and Scribe, by Everard. On the lateral *facades*, busts in stone of Cambra, Cambrert, J. J. Rousseau, Philidor, Piccini and Paisiello, by Hasse; Cherubini, Mehul, Nicolo, Weber, Bellini and Adam, by Denécheau; Monteverde, Durante, Jomelli, Grétry and Sacchini, by Walter; and Lesueur, Berton, Boieldieu, Herold, Donizetti and Verdi, by Bruyer. Medallions on the *facade*, of Pergolesi, Hadyn, Bach and Cimarosa, by Gummery. Two grand candelabra, allegorical of the moon and the stars, by Chabaud. In the interior of the building, four seated statues of Lulli, Rameau, Gluck and Handel,

representing Italian, French, German and English music; artists not yet appointed. On the grand staircase, two "Cariatides" in colored marble, by Jules Thomas. In the grand saloon, two "Cariatides," flanking the chimney-piece, by Carrier Belleuse and Cordier. In the theatre itself, "Cariatides," at the imperial and opposite boxes, by Cranck and Lepère. It is proposed, in addition to the above, to place twenty plastered figures to the grand saloon, with busts of living composers, *bas-reliefs*, and ornaments. Over the imperial pavilion are eagles, by Caén, while others, by Jacquemart and Rouillard, crown the columns and guard the entrance.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY TO FRIEDERICH SCHNEIDER, AT DESSAU.

VII.

RESPECTED KAPELMEISTER, — Ever since becoming acquainted with the facts you recently communicated to me respecting the house in which my grandfather was born at Dessau, I have been turning them over and over in my brain, and cannot repress a desire to see the memory of my grandfather perpetuated in some tangible form. I myself should prefer a simple tablet over the door, with an inscription, or something of the kind.

Before puzzling myself further about it, I should wish above all things to learn to whom the house at present belongs; whether it is likely that the owner will not for the moment dispose of it to any one else; and whether he would cheerfully accept and respect such a tablet? Should it, however, be for sale, could you not quietly inform me what sort of a house it is, and what would be the price? But I can only ask this altogether on the quiet, and must, above all, beg you will excuse my troubling you with such matters, before I have really made up my mind what is to be done, or, indeed, if anything at all can be done.

As it was, however, yourself who by your friendly information first started the subject, I hope you will excuse my again troubling you, and drop me a couple of lines in answer as soon as possible. By so doing you will confer a very great favor on yours most faithfully.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

Leipsic, the 30 September, 1845.

VIII.

ESTEEMED KAPELMEISTER, — Allow me, by these lines, to introduce to you M. Léonard, a very distinguished Belgian violinist, and to beg that you will give him a friendly reception. M. Léonard, formerly, and for a long time, a member of the orchestra of the Académie Royale in Paris, is one of those virtuosos who, in attaining manual dexterity and elegance, have not forgotten a sure and steady foundation. He is, in the best sense of the word, a thorough and accomplished musician, and I am, therefore, convinced that both his solo-playing and his quartet-playing will really afford you gratification. If you can, and will, aid him in appearing either at Court or at a concert of his own, or at one of your Subscription Concerts, you will be doing him a favor, and render me very much your debtor. I remain, as always, with the greatest consideration—Yours, most obediently,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

Leipsic, the 21 Dec., 1845.